

A Royal Thanksgiving Feast

by R. Ray Baker

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Ralph Slocum was a determined, resourceful young woman, she was stumped. It seemed that she was destined soon to be a widow, if she had not already reached that stage in life's journey.

Yes, it was a gloomy Thanksgiving day, although the sun was shining blisteringly. Her husband had disappeared, and the chances were 100 to 1 against ever seeing him again.

She censured herself for agreeing to this South sea honeymoon. Why had she yielded to Ralph's wishes to explore Kondo Island when something inside her had persistently warned that she should not let him set foot on shore?

She sat on the deck of the steam yacht Crystal and tried to reason a way out of the dilemma—a happy way out. One course would be to hoist anchor and steam away. But that would not be the happy way, because it would leave Ralph in the clutches of the cannibals.

The event that had brought her to distraction occurred the previous afternoon about 4 o'clock. They had just arrived at the island and Ralph had insisted on going ashore.

Margaret realized a sense of foreboding as her husband set off in the little boat with Samson Brown, one of the sailors.

Margaret saw her husband land and help Samson draw the boat where the waves could not touch it; then they both disappeared into the forest. She sat on the deck and watched and waited, still harassed by that feeling of foreboding.

The sun was a half circle on the horizon when she saw Samson stagger out from among the trees and push the small boat into the water, leaping in. This action seemed to take the



Her Husband Had Disappeared.

last ounce of strength, for he sank to the bottom of the skiff and lay there apparently helpless.

That was sufficient excuse for Margaret to sound an alarm that brought the crew of the Crystal stumbling and tumbling to the deck, where they at once comprehended the situation and set out in another boat to rescue Samson, whose craft was being tossed back on shore.

"What's happening? Where's Ralph?" breathed Margaret, as Samson was carried on deck, but he answered simply with a glassy stare and was taken to his bunk. He rolled his eyes queerly and opened and shut his hands repeatedly. Presently he seemed to get a grip on himself and managed to articulate:

"Cannibals got him."

While Margaret steadied herself against the wall, growing deathly pale, he went on, talking laboriously:

"We spent some time getting our bearings before he sent me to find a spring of water, while he went in a different direction to dig up some relic your father left two years ago. I found water and was staring after him on the dim path he had taken when I heard unearthly screeching from the direction he had taken. I hurried and soon arrived at the scene of trouble. About fifty black men were dancing round him, shouting and singing, and he was tied to tree with thongs. I knew I couldn't fight whole gang, so hid behind another tree and watched for opportunity to cut him loose. It didn't come, for they took him off into woods. I was scared almost to death and didn't know what to do, but thought it best to return to yacht and get help. Hope you don't think I did wrong."

Samson sank back in the bunk, sighed heavily and closed his eyes. All night he was delirious, and Margaret's condition was not much better. She realized the unfeasibility of sending the men ashore to fight the cannibals, especially at night, but was determined that some action be taken in the morning. When morning came, however, the crew refused to go—all except Joe Larson, the cook, who said he'd be willing to wade a river of blood to help Ralph.

The idea of one man and one woman against hundreds of cannibals did not

seem practical, so she sat on deck and thought, and thought.

"Perhaps Samson went crazy and dreamed it," she told herself. "Maybe Ralph will turn up all right. He's the most resourceful person in the world."

But the inactivity drove her nearly to distraction. Finally she told Joe to get ready and row her ashore. The others protested, saying she was taking her life in her hands. But she was determined.

"All right, ma'am," one of them said. "It's up to you. We'd be glad to go along and help, only the odds are too heavy."

Joe rowed her ashore and they followed a faint path into the woods. The underbrush was not so dense as it appeared from the deck of the yacht, and they made fair progress, presently arriving at a clearing. Here they paused, for the ground showed signs of a struggle, with numerous pits from bare feet.

She was kneeling to examine these prints, when Joe suddenly cried: "Look out!"

The next instant she and Joe were the center of a howling, cavoring vor-



Saw Samson Push the Small Boat in the Water.

tex of black humanity. Their arms and feet were tied and they were carried into the forest.

Swung across the shoulders of a black man, Margaret gave herself up for lost; but she didn't care much.

"If Ralph's dead I don't want to live," she told herself, and hoped it would soon be over with. The only thing that made her shudder now was the thought of being served at the king's Thanksgiving feast.

After being carried about two miles through the jungle, the party emerged in an immense clearing dotted with bamboo huts, with an exceptionally large one in the center. The prisoners were placed in a hut on the outskirts and guards with spears stationed at the doors.

Presently the black man who had been the leader of the captors appeared, cut the thongs from their feet and surprised the prisoners with these words of English:

"Now me take um to king."

In a short time they were ushered into the largest of the huts, in which was a rudely constructed throne, about which were grouped several natives in fantastic costume, made of skins and feathers.

The king appeared through the door, walking with a Broadway stride. He mounted the throne with a majestic mien and surveyed the captives. Margaret stared at him for a moment in astonishment, then threw herself at him, eluding the guards who sprang to stop her, and clasped him in her arms. "Ralph! Ralph!" she sobbed. "What can this—what does it all mean?"

She stepped back down from the throne and looked up at him, wonderingly.

He was clad like the natives, only his attire was more fantastic and picturesque.

"It means," he said, simply, "that I pulled a few stunts in magic that showed the old king up and he lost his job—and I am now ruler of Kondo Island. I had to either be a king or be eaten by one, and it didn't take me long to decide. I'm about to resign, though, as soon as we have our Thanksgiving dinner."



The Center of a Howling Vortex of Black Humanity.

Thanksgiving dinner—and a royal one it is. It's in the next hut."

She grimaced.

"Cannibal stew?" she inquired. "No, wild turkey. I ordered them prepared when messengers brought word that a white woman and man had been captured. Come to the royal feast—you and Joe—and we'll discuss a way of disowning this kingdom."

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The Bigger Half of Thanksgiving.

Thanks-giving is the bigger half of Thanksgiving. If the face shines and the voice has a cheery ring, and little acts of helpfulness and kindness are as natural as breathing, a song of praise is continually rising to the Father in heaven. Words of gratitude mean very little if the life and the lips are not in accord.

ROOSEVELT'S DEADER THAN ADAM CLEAN CAMPAIGN

Washington, Nov. 18.—The Cox-Roosevelt idea of a clean campaign is set forth by the Republican Publicity association through its president, Hon. Jonathan Bourne Jr., as follows:

"On election day F. D. Roosevelt Democratic candidate for vice president, laid the flattering unction unto his party's soul that it has conducted a clean campaign. Ordinarily it is not important that the victor should notice the pre-election statements of the vanquished, but young Roosevelt's statement is one which demands refutation.

"It is doubtful if a dirtier, yellower campaign was ever conducted in the history of American politics than that which was sponsored in one way or another by the Democratic party from the day of Mr. Cox's acceptance speech up to the utter hoot of hypocrisy of November 2nd.

"There seemed to be no limit in lexicon or legerdemain which was not sought by the champions of Messrs Cox and F. D. Roosevelt in the campaign recently closed. Slander and vilification were exploited to their uttermost depths by these men. They called Warren Harding a brewer, a creature of the rapacious profiteers, a weakling and a snob. They repeatedly impugned his honesty. They at length descended to the lowest level of personal abuse by circulating lying leaflets concerning his blood and his parentage. They called the senate leader of the Republicans a base conspirator and the most despised man in America. They accused the Republican party with attempting to purchase the election, an insult alike to the Republicans and to the voters. They charged that party with conniving with Kaiser Wilhelm to keep the United States out of the league of nations, with a plot to debauch the U. S. Supreme court in that Harding, if elected, would appoint judges to that august body whose decisions would be hawked in the market place, with appealing to the hyphenated vote, and ignoring the American vote; with planning the rule of the bayonet and the reign of the mailed fist. In their desperation the Democrats dragged the vestments of religion from their channels and waved them in the faces of the people; they invaded the churches with their un-American crusade and they capitalized the illness of their leader in an appeal to the sob vote, and they dragged the state department to their purposes. In the choice language of F. D. Roosevelt, opponents of the Versailles treaty were 'league liars,' as they were 'contemptible quitters' in the intemperate language of Mr. Wilson, whose uncontrollable fits of rage worked his destruction. If this was F. D. Roosevelt's idea of a clean campaign what horrible metamorphosis had party association worked in him? What filth could his party have possibly handled to earn his disapproval?

"And the aftermath blasts from the Democratic party are quite as fetid. The editorial appearing in the New York World on the morning following election displayed the spirit of Lucifer cast out of Heaven. The truest sport in the Democratic ranks, if we are to judge from after election language, was James W. Gerard of the Democratic national committee, whose tribute to Harding was like a flower blooming in a fen.

"The campaign waged by the Democratic party was a disgrace to American politics. It showed as nothing could, the composite mentality of the proponents of internationalism, pacifism, bolshevism and that sick-

ening syncophancy which grows out of worship of a king. Its sharpest condemnation was to be found in the poise and dignity maintained by Harding and Coolidge, a condemnation which the people overwhelmingly indorsed. Never has hypocrisy received such a rebuke. The Democratic party has four years in which to purge itself, and it is to be hoped its putrescence has not reached the tertiary stage. Meanwhile it is in order to swap the Democratic donkey for a pole cat."

Washington, Nov. 18.—Insisting that the Wilson league of nations is dead, the Republican Publicity association, through its president, Hon. Jonathan Bourne Jr., issues the following statement:

"Shortly before the elections in 1918 Mr. Wilson issued an appeal to the voters to return a Democratic senate and house so that support of his policies, one of which he had proclaimed to be the establishment of a league of nations, might be assured. The result was a complete repudiation of the president, and the election of Republican majorities in both houses. On March 4, 1919, a round robin was signed by 39 senators of the incoming congress proclaiming to the world that the covenant of the league of nations as then framed by Mr. Wilson should not be adopted by the United States. On November 19, 1919, the senate rejected the league, as it had been presented to it by the president, by the overwhelming vote of 53 nays to 38 yeas. On March 19, 1920, the senate again denied endorsement of the covenant, even after it had been Americanized by the Lodge reservations, by the vote of 49 yeas to 35 nays, two thirds being necessary for ratification. On November 2, 1920, the American people condemned the league again by an adverse plurality of upwards of 7,000,000 votes. After the question had been made the chief issue of the campaign following the edict of the president that there should be a 'solemn referendum' upon it.

"The league of nations has been thrice killed by the action of the people's representatives in the senate, clothed with constitutional powers to deal with such matters, and twice condemned by the people themselves through the ballot. Yet proponents of the league refuse to acknowledge the fact. They have the audacity to declare that Senator Harding, after his inauguration, will resurrect the two year old corpse, breathe new life into it, and make the United States a member nation either with or without reservations. Norman Hapgood, representative of the league advocates, is reported as saying that the league will be adopted within a year. His views may be somewhat extreme, but they il-

lustrate what is taking place in the minds of pro-leagueurs.

"The sooner those men disabuse themselves of that idea the better it will be for their own peace of mind and that of others. The very votes that elected Senator Harding to the White House decreed that the United States should not become a member of the league. Even though there should be a complete reversal of sentiment in the senate, it is inconceivable that President Harding would cast aside the mandate of the people and submit the covenant again to the senate for ratification. He stands for an association of nations that will promote peace, but he is unequivocally against the league as we now know it.

"President Harding will never propose, and the senate will never accept, an international agreement that confers jurisdiction upon a foreign council over American armies and navies; that agrees in advance upon a course of conduct that we will pursue in the event of more foreign wars; that surrenders the Monroe Doctrine, that permits a foreign tribunal to determine our domestic policies; that pledges the nation to a permanent policy of free trade that submits to an exchange of trade secrets with all other nations; that permits Great Britain to wield six votes in the determination of an international problem while the United States has but one; that agrees to abide by all these and the many other assaults upon our independence contained in the notorious covenant.

"Senator Harding is committed against those propositions and he is commanded by the people to stand fast. They can never be revived in the form of the old covenant, nor in any other form or shape. Hapgood and his ilk may, like certain Orientals, spend their lives in veneration of the departed, but they should not make the mistake of detecting a nation in a thing so dead."

And the Reverse?

Bandages have been invented containing insulated wires to take current from storage batteries or lighting circuits so that they can be kept warm indefinitely.

IN PURSUIT OF THE TURKEY



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HE BET AND LOST



Many freak stunts were staged as a result of election bets. This fellow had to gallop down the street yelling "fire" and pulling a toy fire engine after him. To make it still more conspicuous he was obliged to ride a broom.

SPANISH COMB AGAIN

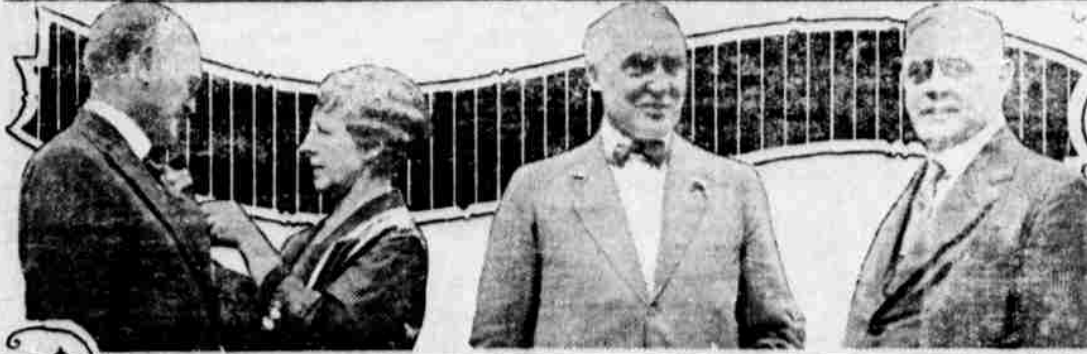


A charming embellishment of the coiffure with the fascinating old Spanish comb of tortoise shell which is again in vogue.

Remember That Air Never Wins.

No honest work is wasted. Effort is never lost. You may not see the results you expect, but there are always results when there is effort. Never let yourself think that anything you have done has been done in vain. Effort and achievement are inseparable.

WITH THE PRESIDENT-ELECT IN THE SOUTH



This is an exclusive picture which has just arrived from the south, where Mr. Crocker and Mr. Scooby are acting as hosts to the Harding party. The view below is the Crocker home, on the gulf, where the party are staying. From left to right they are: Mr. A. B. Crocker, Mrs. Harding, Mr. Harding and Mr. F. M. Scooby.